

E

687

B18



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

E687
Chap. Copyright No.

Shelf B18

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



E 687

B. 18

James Abram Garfield,

○ DIED AT SEVEN. ○



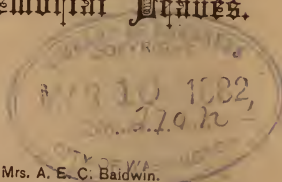
Elegia Horologium.

THE SPECTRAL CLOCK.

Pastoral—Memorial Leaves.

Copyright 1882, by Mrs. A. E. C. Baldwin.

All Rights Reserved.





1. Chop, chop, chop, with the woodman's axe,
And the trees fell, one and two ;
The logs were scored by the measure through,
And fitted together as though 'twas for the cot
Oh, roof-tree, strong and true ! [they grew,
2. Under its shelter the mother lies
With the babe on her bosom fair ;
She "cuddles it down," with her own warm breath,
And the tiny pulse keeps tick, a-tick, tick,
While the cabin clock strikes—One !
3. She starts to hear the familiar sound,
It comes with the fitness rare,
Of a life just begun—
Of her baby son,
Of his day of life to wear.
4. And she thinks :
Shall his spring of life go on.
Till run down the weight will be ?
It must not break—
This is a care for me.
5. In his father's arms he looks on the fields,
And claps his hands with glee ;
For the stately corn bows,
The bearded wheat waves,
They both wave merrily.
6. And away he goes for the mourning doves,
As they pick the kernels clear,
And the squirrel he sees
In the fragrant breeze,
But the chipmunk is swifter than he.
7. Come, come,
Blithesome child,
While the clock strikes—Two !
And rest on thy father's knee,
For soon he'll be parted from you.
8. The barns were filled
With the yellow grain,
On every side saw he ;
But where they'd store the coming crop,
He wondered thoughtfully.

Elegia Horologium.



9. "Mother, I'll ask them,"
Said the lad,
"It may be they'll need me."
And up and down through all the roads,
He met the same reply:
10. "When barns and barracks are all full,
The tow-path
We will try.
Food must go on to hungry mouths;
We'll try it by-and-by."
11. "May I go for you?" said the boy;
"To take our grain," said they;
To bring our gold,
To keep it safe from harm?"
"I know that I can try."
12. "The foot-path is a lonely road—
Ruffians might close the way."
"Once let me take it,
And I know
That I can win the day."
13. "Can guard your gold,
Can fill your sacks
With anything you say."
Oh, boatman,
Brave and gay!
14. The old horse gave a steady pull,
And floated one load on;
The placid water bore it up
As the boat sped its way,
No rough waves to delay.
15. The quiet voyage over,
No seaman e'er more proud
Of the worn craft he'd piloted,
Than that boatman praised aloud,
For gold he brought and stores for many days.
16. The old horse learned to love him well,
As he trudged with footsteps calm,
And the vessel creaked
And again it groaned,
With its "How-do-you-do?" salam.



17. He went and came industriously,
And brought them into port
The last time from the sea;
While he gave a long look over them,
The canal-boat clock struck—Three!
18. The tallow-dip had done its work,
Some learning now had he;
The school-house needed him so kind,
To teach the a, b, c,
To train the youthful mind.
19. He taught them all
To spell their toys,
To read their language through;
They studied what he'd learned himself,
And what they all should know.
20. He studied more himself
Till the fellowship took their degree;
And then he found
That with the knowledge he had gained,
He had learned a lover to be.
21. 'Twas on this wise, thought she—
"He is brave, he is good—
Has learning too, has he;
The lesson here I learn, is this,
So plain to see.
22. "He *is* brave,
He *will* be brave for me;
He *is* good,
He *will* be good to me—
Good and brave, this is his degree."
23. Then her heart fluttered pit-pit, pat,
One, two—one, two, three.
James Abram smiled,
And the school clock struck once more,
One—two—three—Four.
24. Oh, the sword was drawn!
And the strife grew wild,
"We must all take sides," said he;
"I know I must go where a deadly blow
Would bereave you, dearest, of me.



25. But I shall not die—
Only throw off mortality;
In the ranks of the living
I shall ever be nigh,
Watching and waiting for thee.”
26. They survey him with pride,
For his musket is clean,
The bayonet shiny and new;
His sword is tried steel—
No enemy toward him could go.
27. For “halt,” is the word,
“Return,” he would hear;
“You are wrong
On this path,
You no further draw near.”
28. But see! for the fray
Your back is unshielded, we know.
Can that be the way
For a warrior
Like you are, to go?
29. His laughter rung out
On the still evening air;
“My company on their backs
Their armor wear?
They never, never try it!”
30. Now on the rugged mountain
The sodden valley hot,
Where'er the standard floated,
The soldier sought the spot,
Within the skirmish sharp.
31. The General in the service
Saw the tide of battle turn;
Saw the serried troops dissolving—
As they were mustered out,
Heard their comrades raise the shout.
32. The regiment gives the parting—
Muskets rattle the winding shot.
The drum rolls out the quickstep,
As the soldiers home arrive
And the great bell mutters—Five.

Elegia Horologium.



33. "The hours of time are fleeting,
And I have much to say;
The butternut gray
And boys in blue
Must hear it all some day.
34. "Waste places all shall be repaired,
The crooked straight be made—
The hopeless find their misery gone,
Our joyful tributes paid;
For every one has shared."
35. The hall-doors fling wide open
To receive the veteran.
Your labor has been heavy;
Your rest comes sure—
'Tis won.
36. Now tell us, tell us, brave man,
What we should ever do—
Do in the present moment,
Whate'er the future may bestow;
Your speech has silvern flow.
37. No need to clear his vision,
For his eye hath kept the while
Upon the good and gracious,
And turned away from guile—
So free from guile.
38. "Oh, the treasures for the people,"
The clarion voice implies,
"When domains devastated
In newness shall arise,
Let your voices cleave the skies.
39. "Where one blade of grass has flourished,
We'll make it two and more;
On each hand we shall prosper
In all the regions o'er—
It may be better than before.
40. "Oh, the hours are full of meaning,
Let us do whate'er we may
To hasten on the coming
Of a glorious, peaceful sway;
More free from passions play."

Elegia Horologium.



41. The leader pauses for a while—
The past is fixed.
To-morrow dawns with brighter ray.
The toilers' time for rest has come,
The dial points to—Six.
42. Beneath the dome
Of the people's throne
He bowed his head to serve,
And filled the chair of state;
No mind had he to swerve.
43. The trumpeters from far and near—
From north, south,
East, and west—
Proclaim the name
Now chosen from the rest.
44. A chief in war, a chief in peace,
And the old words true we heed;
The one who chief would be,
Must freely serve,
Where'er the suffering lead.
45. Oh, mother, happy in your son!
Oh, people, proud and free!
The path of glory downwards points
Earth's laurels dried will be,
As leaves dropped from the tree.
46. The day will soon be gone;
The hours grow short,
The twilight's come—
We cannot lay the burdens down
Until the race is run.
47. Oh, chieftain, take the armor down!
The cuirass will fit thee;
In war, the foe before thy face,
Now, now, he turned may be—
"Ah! who would injure me?"
48. Oh the stifled air,
And the swelling prayer,
That the dregs away may pass;
But the bitter draught more bitter grows,
As we drain the vial at last.

Elegia Horologium.



49. Meek sufferer on the couch of pain,
By thy heroic head
Thy loved ones vigils keep,
And sorrowing weep,
Lest thou art dead.
50. On the wings of wind they bear thee
To the house beside the sea.
Oh, sea! breathe on the dwelling;
May our slain rise
From suffering free.
51. The salt air bathes his forehead.
The seabirds droop their pinions
And utter plaintive cries
In the gloom which overspreads him,
And soon will close his eyes.
52. The ocean surged upon the shore,
The waves washed up the sand,
And breezes wafted back the sound—
The slain are in My hand,
And shall be evermore.
53. We're treading to the echoless shore,
Are treading one by one;
Many will go behind the mists;
Before the set of sun,
The course for them be done.
54. His pale face breathes the vesper air,
To reach which he had striven;
When his spring of life was rudely struck,
His spring of life was riven,
And the clock stands still at—Seven!
55. O dear ones bereft,
We all sit in the dust
With our own warm breath,
And "cuddle him down"
With thee, with thee!

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 789 889 5

